

# The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

THE BOBBY-MERRILL CO.

## SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Barranger, his attorney. Dan set out for Grand Central, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook. Daniel Anstey, half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anstey, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, she, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anstey himself and he secured the gems. Anstey, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. Anstey feared for the safety of the gems.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

He nodded, eyes to hers, fascinated, with an odd commingling of fear and hope and satisfied self-love. "Now I am unconnected with the affair. No one knows that I had any hand in it. Besides, no one knows me—that I—steal." Her tone fell lower. "The police have never heard of me. Dan!"

"I—believe—"

"I could get away," she interrupted; "and then, if they stopped you—"

"You're right, by the powers!" He struck the table smartly with his fist. "You do that and we can carry this through. Why, lacking the jewels, I am Maitland—I am even wearing Maitland's clothes!" he boasted. "I went to his apartments this morning and saw to that, because it suited my purpose to be Maitland for a day or two."

"Then—?" Her gaze questioned his.

"Walter!" cried Anstey. And when the man was deferential at his elbow: "Call a cab, at once, please."

"Certainly, sir."

The rest of the corps of servants were at the other end of the big room. Anstey made certain that they were not watching, then stealthily passed the canvas bag to the girl. She bent her head, bestowing it in her hand-bag.

"You have made me . . . happy, Dan," came tremulously from beneath the hat brim.

Whatever doubts may have assailed him when it was too late, by that remark were effaced, silenced. Who could mistrust her sincerity?

"Then when and where may I see you again?" he demanded.

"The same place."

It was a bold move; but she was standing; the water was back, announcing the cab in waiting, and he dared not protest. Yet his pat riposte commanded her admiration.

"No. Too risky. If they are watching here, they may be there, too." He shook his head decidedly. The flicker of doubt was again extinguished; for undoubtedly Maitland had escorted her home that morning; her reference had been to that place. "Somewhere else," he insisted, confident that she was playing fair.

She appeared to think for an instant, then, fumbling in her pocket-book, extracted a typical feminine pencil stub—its business end looking as though it had been gnawed by a vindictive rat—and scribbled hastily on the back of a menu card:

"Mrs. McCabe, 205 West One Hundred and Eighteenth street. Top floor. Ring three times."

"I shall be there at seven," she told him. "You won't fail me?"

"Not if I'm still at liberty," he laughed.

And the waiter smiled at discretion, a far-away and unobtrusive smile that could by no possibility give offense; at the same time it was calculated to convey the impression that, in the opinion of one humble person, at least, Mr. Maitland was a merry wag.

"Good-by . . . Dan!"

Anstey held her fingers in his hand palm for an instant, rising from his chair.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, clumsily.

He watched her disappear, eyes humid, temples throbbing. "By the powers!" he cried. "But she's worth it!"

Perhaps his meaning was vague, even to himself. He resumed his seat mechanically and sat for a time staring dreamily into vacancy, blunt fingers drumming on the cloth.

"No," he declared at length. "No; I'm safe enough . . . in her hands."

Once secure from the public gaze, the girl crowded back into a corner of the cab, as though trying to efface herself. Her eyes closed almost automatically; the curve of laughing lips became a doleful droop; a crinkle appeared between the arched brows; waves of burning crimson flooded her face and throat.

In her lap both hands lay clenched into tiny fists—clenched so tightly that it hurt, numbing her fingers—a physical pain that, somehow, helped her to



"I Want You to Keep Your Mouth Shut."

endure the paroxysms of shame. That she should have stooped so low!

Presently the fingers relaxed, and her whole frame relaxed in sympathy. The black squall had passed over; but now were the once tranquil waters ruffled and angry. Then languor gripped her like an enemy; she lay listless in its hold, sick and faint with disgust of itself.

This was her all-sufficient punishment; to have done what she had done, to be about to do what she contemplated. For she had set her hand to the plow; there must now be no drawing back, however hateful might prove her task.

The voice of the cabby dropping through the trap, roused her. "This is the Martha Washington, ma'am."

Mechanically she descended from the hansom and paid her fare; then, summoning up all her strength and resolution, passed into the lobby of the hotel and paused at the telephone switchboard.

## CHAPTER VIII. Dance of the Hours.

Four p. m.

The old clock in a corner of the study chimed resonantly and with deliberation; four double strokes; and while yet the deep-throated music was dying into silence the telephone bell shrieked impetuously.

Maitland bit savagely on the gag and knotted his brows, trying to bear it. The effect was that of a coarse file rasped across raw quivering nerves. And he lay helpless, able to do no more toward endurance than to dig nails deep into his palms.

Again and again the fiendish clamor shattered the echoes. Blinding flashes of agony danced down the white-hot wires strung through his head, taut from temple to temple.

Would the fool at the other end never be satisfied that he could get no answer? Evidently not; the racket continued mercilessly, short series of shrill calls alternating with imperative rolls prolonged until one thought that the tortured metal sounding-cups would crack. Thought! nay, prayed that either such would be the case, or else that one's head might at once mercifully be rent asunder.

That anguish so exquisite should be the means of releasing him from his bonds seemed a refinement of irony. Yet Maitland was aware, between spasms, that help was on the way. The telephone instrument, for obvious convenience, had been equipped with an extension bell which rang simultaneously in O'Hagan's quarters. When Maitland was not at home the janitor-valet, so warned, would answer the calls. And now, in the still intervals, the heavy thud of unahurried feet could be heard upon the staircase. O'Hagan was coming to answer; and taking his time about it. It seemed an age before the rattle of pass-key in latch announced him; and another ere, all unconscious of the figure supine on the divan against the further study wall, the old man shuffled to the instrument, lifted receiver from the hook, and applied it to his ear.

"Well, well?" he demanded with that impatience characteristic of the illiterate for modern methods of communication. "P'what the divvie ails ye?"

"Rayspiets to ye, ma'am, and 'tis sorry I am I didn't know 'twas a leddy."

"He's not."

"Wan o'clock, there or thereabouts."

"Faith, and he didn't say."

"P'what name will I be tellin' him?"

"Kape ut to yerself, thin. 'Tis none of me business."

"If ye do, I'll not answer. Sure, am I to be climbin' two flights av stairs ivry foive minits—"

"Good-by yerself," hanging up the receiver. "And the divvie fly away wid ye," grumbled O'Hagan.

As he turned away from the instrument Maitland managed to produce a sound, something between a moan and a strangled cough. The old man whirled on his heel. "P'what's that?"

The next instant he was bending over Maitland, peering into the face drawn and disfigured by the gag. "The saints preserve us! And who the divvie are ye at all? P'why don't ye spake?"

Maitland turned purple; and emitted a furious snort.

"Misther Maitland, be all thot's strange! Is it mad I am? Or how did ye get back here and into this fix, sor, and me swappin' the halls and polishin' the brasses fer'nist the front dure ivry minute since ye wint out?"

Indignation struggling for the upper hand with mystification in the Irishman's brain, he grumbled and swore; yet busied his fingers. In a trice the binding gag was loosed, and ropes and straps cast free from swollen wrists and ankles. And, with the assistance of a kindly arm behind his shoulders, Maitland sat up, grinning with the pain of renewing circulation in his limbs.

"Wid these two oies meself saw ye lave three hours gone, sor, and I c'ud swear no sowl had intered this house since thin. P'what does ut all mane, be all thot's holy?"

"It means," panting, "brandy and soda, O'Hagan, and be quick."

Maitland attempted to rise, but his legs gave under him, and he sank back with a stifled oath, resigning himself to wait the return of normal conditions. As for his head, it was threatening to split at any moment, the tight wires twanging infernally between his temples; while the corners of his mouth were cracked and sore from the pressure of the gag. All of which totted up a considerable debit against Mr. Anstey's account.

For Maitland, despite his suffering, had found time to figure it out to his personal satisfaction—or dissatisfaction, if you prefer—in the interval between his return to consciousness and the arrival of O'Hagan. It was simple enough to deduce from the knowledge in his possession that the burglar, having contrived his escape through the disobedience of Higgins, should have engineered this complete revenge for the indignity Maitland had put upon him.

How he had divined the fact of the jewels remaining in their owner's pos-

session was less clear; and yet it was reasonable, after all, to presume that Maitland should prefer to hold his own. Possibly Anstey had seen the girl slip the canvas bag into Maitland's pocket while the latter was kneeling and binding his captive. However that was, there was no denying that he had trailed the treasure to its hiding place, unerringly; and succeeded in taking possession of it with consummate skill and audacity. When Maitland came to think of it, he recalled distinctly the trend of the burglar's inquisition in the character of "Mr. Smith," which had all been calculated to discover the location of the jewels. And, when he did recall this fact, and how easily he had been duped, Maitland could have ground his teeth in melodramatic rage—but for the circumstance that when first it occurred to him, such a feat was a physical impossibility, and even when unagitated the operation would have been painful to an extreme.

Sipping the grateful drink which O'Hagan presently brought him, the young man pondered the case; with no pleasure in the prospect he foresaw. If Higgins had actually communicated the fact of Anstey's escape to the police, the entire affair was likely to come out in the papers—all of it, that is, that he could not suppress. But even figuring that he could silence Higgins and O'Hagan—no difficult task—though he might be somewhat late with Higgins—the most discreet imaginable explanation of his extraordinary conduct would make him the laughing stock of his circle of friends, to say nothing of a city that had been accustomed to speak of him as "Mad Maitland" for many a day. Unless—

Ah, he had it! He could pretend (so long as it suited his purpose, at all events), to have been the man caught and left bound in Higgins' care. Simple enough. The knocking over of the butler would be ascribed to a natural ebullition of indignation, the subsequent flight to a hare-brained notion of running down the thief. And yet even that explanation had its difficulties. How was he to account for the fact that he had failed to communicate with the police—knowing that his treasure had been ravished?

It was all very involved. Mr. Maitland returned the glass to O'Hagan and, cradling his head in his hands, racked his brains in vain for a satisfactory tale to tell. There were so many things to be taken into consideration. There was the girl in gray. Not that he had forgotten her for an instant; his fury raged but the higher at the thought that Anstey's interference had prevented his (Maitland's) keeping the engagement. Doubtless the girl had waited, then gone away in anger, believing that the man in whom she had placed faith had proved himself unworthy.

But that telephone call!

"O'Hagan," demanded the haggard and distraught young man, "who was that on the wire just now?"

Being a thoroughly trained servant, O'Hagan had waited that question in silence, a quiver with impatience though he was. Now, his tongue unleashed, his words fairly stumbled on one another's heels in his anxiety to get them out in the least possible time.

"Sure, an' 'twas a leddy, sor, be the v'ice av her, askin' were ye in, and meself havin' seen ye go out no longer ago thin wan o'clock and yerself sayin' not a worrd about comin' back at all at all, p'what was I to be tellin' her, aven if ye were lyn' there on the dure av all unbeknownest to me, which the same meself can not—"

"Help!" pleaded the young man feebly, smiling. "One thing at a time, please, O'Hagan. Answer me one question: Did she give a name?"

"She did not, sor, though meself—"

"There, there! Wait a bit. I want to think."

Of course she had given no name; it wouldn't be like her. What was he thinking of, anyway? It could not have been the gray girl; for she knew him only as Anstey; she could never have thought him himself, Maitland. But what other woman of his acquaintance did not believe him to be out of town?

With a hopeless gesture, Maitland gave it up, conceding the mystery too deep for him, his intellect too feeble to grapple with all its infinite ramifications. The counsel he had given O'Hagan seemed most appropriate to his present needs: One thing at a time. And obviously the first thing that lay to his hand was the silencing of O'Hagan.

Maitland rallied his wits to the task. "O'Hagan," said he, "this man, Smith, who was here this afternoon, called himself a detective. As soon as we were alone he rapped me over the head with a loaded cane, and, I suspect, went through the flat stealing everything he could lay hands on. Hand me my cigarette case, please."

"'Tis gone, sor—'tis not on the deck at last, where I saw ut last."

"Ah! You see? Now for reasons of my own, which I won't enter into, I don't want the affair to get out and become public. You understand? I want you to keep your mouth shut, until I give you permission to open it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FALLIERES IN STAINED GLASS.

Portrait of French President That Arouses Criticism—Is Skillful Piece of Work.

Paris.—Charlemagne once visited the city of Le Mans and was so delighted with it that he nominated himself honorary canon of the cathedral, an appointment which Pope Clement VII, in 1583 conferred on his successors forever.

A Le Mans artist, Mr. Echivard, a designer of stained glass windows, was reminded of this fact one day by reading an account of a stained glass window in the Church of St. John at Lunenburg in which the Kaiser is depicted. He decided that the French president should no longer lack an honor that had been paid to the German emperor, and set to work on a design showing M. Fallieres, the president of the republic, and therefore, according to the artist's belief, successor to the kings as honorary canon, clothed in a canon's cope and kneeling on a devotional chair.

The modern and the archaic are allied in the design. The cope is thrown back sufficiently to show that M. Fallieres is wearing evening dress and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. The arms of the cathedral chapter, three fleur-de-lis and three keys, are balanced by an escutcheon ornamented with the Legion of Honor and the Gallic cock.

Below is the inscription in Gothic characters: "According to tradition, Messire Armand Fallieres, eighth president of the French republic, takes



President Fallieres of France in Stained Glass.

In his quality of chief of state the title of canon of Saint-Julien of Le Mans."

Long months of work went into making the glass after the design and now that it is finished it has met with only a cold welcome. The spectacle of the president, during his term of office church and state were definitely separated, figuring as a canon seems to give pleasure to no party or section. A local art society even refused to admit the window to its exhibition, although the skill of its execution is generally admitted.

## NEW NAVY YARD COMMANDER

Capt. J. B. Murdock, Former Chief of Battleship Rhode Island, Succeeds Admiral Goodrich.

New York.—Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, retired, who has been commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard since June 1, 1907, relinquished his command recently and was succeeded by Capt. Joseph B. Murdock, who commanded the battleship Rhode Island in the cruise of the fleet around the world. Capt. Murdock is the first



Capt. J. B. Murdock.

officer of his rank to be placed in command of the navy yard since 1889, when Capt. Francis M. Ramsey was the commandant.

Capt. Murdock was born at Hartford in 1851 and is a graduate of the United States naval academy. He served as executive officer on the U. S. S. Panther during the Spanish-American war. He has written a number of articles on electricity and magnetism. Rear Admiral Goodrich was born in Philadelphia in 1847 and is a graduate of the United States naval academy.

## Wound in Heart Not Fatal.

A Geneva (Switzerland) boy, aged 15, who accidentally lodged the bullet of an air-gun in his heart, was taken to the hospital, where Dr. Girard opened the wound, extracted the ball and sewed up the heart. The victim is now out of danger.

## Paul's Second Journey Continued

Sunday School Lesson for July 18, 1909

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 17:1-15. Memory Verse: 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—Psalm 119:11.

TIME.—Paul was at Thessalonica five or six months, December, A. D. 50, to May, 51, and in Berea from May, A. D. 51, to August.

PLACE.—At Thessalonica, 100 miles west of Philipp, now called Salonica; the largest city of Macedonia, in Bœotia, Turkey.

**Suggestion and Practical Thought.**

Teaching the Scriptures at Thessalonica.—Vs. 1-9. When Paul, Silas and Timothy were driven from Philipp they traveled southwest along the great military road which leads to Rome. At the end of thirty-three miles they reached Amphipolis, and thirty miles further along they came to Apollonia. As neither city was of much importance the three missionaries continued their journey on to Thessalonica, thirty-seven miles distant, on the gulf of Salonica in Macedonia.

There was a Jewish synagogue, and an easy opening for preaching the gospel. They remained in the synagogue for three weeks until finally driven away by the Jews. Then they took up their headquarters with Jonas, just outside of the synagogue circle.

Here Paul formed the nucleus of a large and flourishing church, chiefly composed of Gentiles, and, although he supported himself in part by working with his own hands, yet he remained long enough to receive help twice from Philipp.

Paul had four methods of teaching the Bible to the people. First, he "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures," basing his reasoning on true facts, which they accepted. Second, he unfolded the truths of the Scriptures, and pointed out things they had not noticed, or applications which they had not understood. Paul was to them like the expert who points out to the poor farmer the rich mines of gold and silver beneath the surface. Third, he compared the scripture with scripture and with facts. Especially did he show that Christ had suffered. This description was one of the greatest difficulties in the Jewish mind. It seemed impossible that the victorious king, who was to reign forever, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, whose kingdom was an everlasting kingdom, including all nations, could be a humble teacher who died on the cross. But Paul showed them that only by suffering could Christ save from sin, and that by his having risen again from the dead, Jesus is a living and glorious king. Fourth, by living the Gospel, so that they could interpret its meaning by what he was and did.

As a result of his labors in Thessalonica some Jews believed, and converted with Paul and Silas. The Greeks gathered in great multitudes, who were looking and hoping for a religious life.

The assault on Paul, Silas and Timothy was instigated by the "Jews which believed not" and were moved by jealousy or envy, because they were declining and the Christians were growing. The Jews used the rabble, vile fellows, as their instruments, and turning them into a wild mob they "assaulted the house of Jason," with whom the missionaries were lodging. The missionaries were not at home, but the mob dragged Jason and certain Christians before the rulers, shouting, "These that have turned the world upside down are coming hither also."

The charge against the missionaries was treason, for saying that there is another king, one Jesus. The same charge was made against Jesus before Pilate.

They were bound over to keep the peace by a sum of money, or property, which Jason and other Christians must forfeit if the missionaries were again the occasion of another riot. Hence Paul and Silas were immediately sent away secretly by night. They went to Berea.

Berea was inland about fifty miles southwest of Thessalonica. Cicero, in his oration against Piso, says that, unable to face the complaint at Thessalonica, Piso fled to Berea. So Paul may have gone to Berea on account of its seclusion. As usual they went to the synagogue where they were introduced by their escort of Christian Jews who left them at the point.

The missionaries remained at Berea for several weeks until another popular disturbance, stirred up by their Thessalonian enemies. Paul was secretly and hastily sent to Athens, while Silas and Timothy were to follow later.

The most important book in the world for study and reading is the Bible. It gives the largest, fullest, widest education. It educates all the faculties of the soul. It trains for the best life in this world, and for immortal life.

Home reading and study of the Bible daily is the most important means of becoming acquainted with its truths. The chief cause of the ignorance of the Bible, so often charged to the account of the Sunday school, lies in the neglect of Bible reading at home, the decadence of family prayers and family instruction. The Sunday school, especially where the International Lessons are used, is a great aid and inspiration to home study. The whole family read, study, and discuss the subjects together. No other scheme can accomplish this end so well.